

Truth Serum by TheMikeWheelers (jasongracefully)

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Summary:

Mike interacts with Eleven under laughing gas while getting her tonsils out

Truth Serum

Mike knew all about different molecules from school. In science class he studied the chemical makeup of different things, he understood how different elements came together to form new things.

It was just nitrous oxide. All it was was two atoms of nitrogen and one oxygen atom come together. Mike could understand the scientific part of it that much, but what he didn't understand was how it was making his girlfriend react the way she did.

Of course he'd heard stories of people on laughing gas before, and vowed that if he ever had to go on it himself, he wouldn't let anyone go near him to see him humiliate himself. But Mike had never actually seen someone on it before.

But now El was in the hospital, just needing the simple procedure of getting her tonsils out, when the doctors decided nitrous oxide was the best choice of an anesthetic.

El's hands were currently on her face, touching her cheeks and squishing them around, "Mike," she whispered to him, "Mike!"

"Yeah, El?" He had to suppress a laugh at her.

"Where's my nose?"

"It's right there." He leaned over to tap her nose. She crossed her eyes in attempt to look down at it, eyebrows furrowing.

El stared down for a moment, as if she completely forgot what was going on. Then she looked back at Mike, eyeing him weirdly for a second, "Where am I?"

This was the third time she'd asked that since they gave her the laughing gas, "You're in the hospital, El, the doctors are gonna take your tonsils out," Mike said, pointing towards her throat.

"Oh okay," She perked up, "Can I have Eggos?"

"You can have them after the surgery."

El looked back at him with the poutiest lips she could muster, batting her eyes flirtatiously, "Please Mike?"

Mike just laughed at her, "Later, I promise." He leaned down to give her a quick peck on the cheek, while she grinned into a face-scrunching smile.

Before he could pull away, though, she grabbed onto his face to stop him from moving back, "I have to tell you a secret."

"What is it?" El turned his head for him, leaning in towards his ear to whisper her colossally-secret message.

"You're pretty."

Mike pulled away, a scarlet blush beginning to form all the way down his neck. El continued, tapping on his freckles as she talked, "I know you're suppose to call boys handsome, but I don't care. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, and I think you're very pretty."

Mike just looked down sheepishly, suddenly very glad Hopper had stepped out of the room to talk to the doctors. He didn't exactly want Eleven making these declarations with her father watching.

El had always been a generally quiet person, and Mike knew she kept a lot of things to herself. A part of him was slightly glad for the opportunity to see Eleven on the laughing gas, to see what she had to say when her mind didn't put a filter on her mouth, but now he was just suppressing his laughs at the adorable girl next to him. It wasn't like her to say these kinds of things. Sure, Mike would constantly compliment El, saying everything from how lucky he was to have her, to how utterly gorgeous he found her, but she wasn't one to be as open with feelings as he was.

El on laughing gas, however, was a completely different person. She wasn't quiet like regular El, and she definitely enjoyed telling Mike how pretty he was. Mike couldn't help but feel a little high himself seeing his girlfriend act so differently.

"Nancy said no." El startled him out of his thoughts.

Mike raised his eyebrows, "What did Nancy say no to?"

"She said I can't tell you," Eleven let out a long huff, "That we haven't been dating long enough."

Mike wondered what she had meant by that. He and El were fifteen now, and he had finally gotten the guts to ask her out only a few months ago, but they had still known each other for years now. What could Nancy believe El shouldn't trust to tell him?

"I don't care, though, I want to say it."

Mike sucked in a deep breath, ready for whatever big mystery his sister didn't want him to hear.

"I love you."

There it was. The L-word. El might have been under laughing gas, but Mike was sure her powers still worked, and he was sure that she could sense how his brain had just short-circuited.

His mouth couldn't formulate words in response. Of course he knew he loved Eleven, he had known that since they were twelve years old. Since before they even starting dating he had known that he was hopelessly in love with El, but he never *said it*. He was terrified of that. He fell in love with her so quickly, what if she needed more time? What if she didn't feel the same way?

Yet here she was, under a significant amount of anesthesia, telling Mike she loved him.

El looked up at Mike with a scared expression, her eyes widening and slowly filling with tears, "Why aren't you saying it back?"

Mike had spent so long pushing off saying it to El. He had always figured he'd wait until the absolute perfect moment came along, when he knew El felt the same way and everything was romantic and utopian. He didn't want his first time saying it to be besides her hospital bed, when she was under laughing gas and wouldn't even remember it the next day.

Just then, the doctors came in, about to wheel her off to her surgery.

Mike squeezed El's hand and grinned, "I'll say it back later, I promise. Just tell me again when you're off the laughing gas."

With that, El let out a stream of giggles that made Mike's heart beat faster, wishing he could hear her laugh like that all time, and wishing he could make her laugh like that all the time.

"Okay!" She yelled back at him, as the doctors began to push her away.

Mike stared down at the floor with a smirk. He had no idea what he expected El to say under the laughing gas, but he was happy with how it turned out.